

Jan 23, 18990 Tues.

Dear Vickie and Jimmy,

I just got home from the Tuesday bridge game which wasn't too good as my partner is a little stupid, at least she was today, but we came in about the middle and it should have been first. That is the way it goes. She asked me if I would play with her again next Tuesday, and I said sure, why not. Yesterday Marty and I went to Bainbridge Island to see our friend Fran Robertson and it was a very interesting day. The ferry ride to Winslow is just thirty-five minutes and we had very good directions over to the hospice. Fran's daughter lives on Bainbridge and that is why Fran is there and Fran seems to be at the end of the line. We don't know if she knew us but we kept talking to her and Marty took her hand and Fran wouldn't let go of it and it had to be pryed away when we left, which was when her daughter arrived. Her daughter Bonnie is such a nice girl and I was so glad to finally meet her. When we left we decided to stop and have some lunch and this part is interesting because it was at the same restaurant where we ate the summer we took the ferry over to Bainbridge when you kids were out here. It has been enlarged since then but the same corner table where we sat was still there. It is called the Captains X. We even had a Bloody Mary since we thought that was a good idea, just coming from seeing sad Fran. Then when we went out to the car (Marty was driving), Marty put her head back on the seat and was gasping and said she was having a heart attack, so I said I thought perhaps I should drive, but she took out a pill and put it under her tongue and said she was alright now, so we left and drove to the ferry and waited for a short time before we could get on and the ride back to Seattle was very rough as the wind was blowing 40 to 50 miles an hour and the ferry bounced quite

Sharpley, so I kept my eye on one of the life boats near by, but I hoped it wouldn't be needed as the sound looked just like the ocean. We made it back just fine and Marty was at bridge today so seems to be alright.

My birthday luncheon is tomorrow and it is the cousins and aunts, but I feel terrible that every one is supposed to bring a present. I just heard that from Aunt Stella, so my first thought was of not going, but dad said it should all be fun, which I know it will be.

Dad is fine and I hate to leave him every day this week but he doesn't care and usually goes for a walk and goes to the supermarket if necessary. I will write again later and tell you all about the luncheon.

Love,

*Mom*